* DAILY MAGAZINE PAGES FOR EVERYBODY*

What Does Spring Mean to School Children Today?

By Winifred Black



things there are that they don't even suspect.

HEY'RE building a brand new kind of schoolhouse out on the Pacific coast.

They have play yards like the old-fashioned play ground, and besides that they have great covered play rooms to be used in rainy weather; and there's another kind of play ground on the roof, a regular roof garden with pergolas and vines and trees in tubs, and everything but wait-

ers to make it look like the real thing. The children are going to eat their lunches up there-and have dances and singing games. What fun it will be to walk along the street and look up in the air high, high above youd head and see Mary Jones doing the tango and Tommy Tucker practicing the hesi-

They have sanitary lunches at the new schools, too-no, it's hygienic, you nowadays-sanitary has gone out. The teachers open the lunch boxes and see whether little Susie is bringing too much caloric to school

with her in her luncheon and if it's true that Johnny Smith's mother still be-What fun it must be to go to school these days. I hear all about it from some little tykes I know pretty well. They do tel. me such interesting things, all about hygienics and onward and upward

look-out-and-not-in classes and mottoes and reading without learning to spell. Not one of them can say the alphabet. Did you ever ask a perfectly good high school boy to find somebody in the telephone directory and have him puzzle over whether S came before Z or not? Oh, there are so many things they know, these children in these schools today. They quite overawe me sometimes-until I begin to think how many

What We "Don't" Do Now. They don't "pass the water" any more, even in hot weather. They have hygienic niters, and everybody brings a separate cup, and there's a set and determined time for drinking, and no other time at all.

Why, the teachers would die of horror to have thirsty little boys and restless little girls drinking every other minute or so.

They don't sharpen pencils either, not out of hours. Pencils are sharpened n a certain way at a certain time, and that's all there is to it. You couldn't hunt up an excuse for whirling around in your seat, or stooping down, or bending over, or going to the board, or moving one inch out of the

routine-to save every live in every class in the whole school building. All fine, all splendid, all progressive, all something to be proud of, no doubt

Do you remember the first day along in April when the hens in the yard next to the schoolhouse came out of the barn and walked around in the wet ground, and talked about the weather?

There was one old white rooster that I used to know who knew more about the weather than all the Government bureaus in the world. He told us about it, too, and we always understood what he said

When he hopped up on to the edge of the sawbuck and made a few remarks, we knew that the spring beauties were coming up down in Churchill's Woods just as sure as anything. And when he flew to the top of the damp straw stack and called aloud to his flock and dared them to follow him there, we knew that Johnny Sheahan would come to school in the morning with a bunch of pussy willows for the teacher, and that the Barnard boys would have their pockets full of slippery allum to chew before the week was up.

April Fun In Other Days.

No. I didn't mean slippery elm. That's the thing we learned about in the botany class. I meant slippery allum that you stripped off the tree and chewed, just because you could. Of course, you pretended you liked it, but there was nothing to it but slipperiness after all. What a lot of things we used to pretend we liked in those days when

we went to the old-fashioned schoolhouse. Sorrel-how hard did you have to work to keep from making a face

when you chewed sorrel and made believe to like it? Cheeses-they grew on little weeds down close to the path, rather musty things they were; and how wise you felt when you broke off the

steam of a milkweed and went back the next day and showed your city cousin what good gum it made, if you let it dry long enough. Somehow that particular piece of milkweed gum never was just exactly right. But the next time you tried it it was going to be,

That first day in April I was talking about-shall you ever forget it? Martha Classin always was the first one to ask the teacher if she couldn't open the window. And when Martha Claffin did that all the girls came back in the afternoon with gingham dresses on or new ribbons in their hair, or something to make them feel "different." And all the boys appeared with a baseball or a bat or a glove, and somebody began to play "Andy

I wonder how they tell about spring in these new, hygienic, up-to-theminute schoolhouses. I suppose they look at the almanac.

Somehow I suppose I'm frightfully unregenerated. But somehow I'm just stupid chough to be glad that I had another way of finding out about it. I wonder if the Churchills still have a white rooster to tell the school children next door the news? I'd go a good many weary miles to sit again in my little reat at the end of the row in the little old-fashioned schoolhouse

Female Versus Male Drudgery

CHRISTINE

KNOW and am willing to admit that woman has and has had a great deal of dissigery to do the home. She has spun flax, and apple butter, baked billions brought up trillions of baher I would not be competent to let the different kinds and degrees drudgery to which women have ambjected through all the ages. Severtheless. I believe in a spirit of tairness, and I want today to say mething about the drudgers of You have all heard many on talk as if drudgery was a and work confined solely to washing, morning the floors, and

Example you to consider a moit while woman has been occupart with these drudgifying tasks, Han has not at the same time been taking his store of drudgery. The woman talks as if all work home were drudgery, and that of, in shop, factory, and office find, she sees her husband it in the morning, and in her thinks he partakes in a picture of agreeable daily standardized office, or conditions are 100 per white she stays at ated in a aitchen,

o drudgery, this is a totally unfair and ew. In the first place, an from boyhood has innto him the responsibility of lamily, and that re-in itself, drudgery nearly as many women have inthe them, from childhood, the bility of trangging a home nking of assuming the re-ity of efficient home man-White their brothers are in business, or factory, be only butterflies, or at ast, not seriously considering trainfor their future responsibilities Again, how many, many men in the ordinary occupations and positions are absolutely slaves to a system, and only cogs in the big business wheel? Hundreds and hundreds of clerks add up rows of figures from 9 to 6, sitting before one deak in the same mentioneus posi-

dask in the same monotonous posi-

tion. How many porters run elevators from 7 a. to until 10 at night, craselessly and continuously, stopping from floor to floor, without a single outside stimulus or relief? How many men light lamps, or drive garbage wagons, or punch tickets from eight to ten hours daily? How many men, in even higher walks of life, are tied down by routine and discipline to oversee other employes, to superintendent, to check up, to handle a thousand dry, uninteresting details, merely because they must do it in order to

cause they must do it in order to support a family. Women, in talking to me, bring forth this view, that every man in every job is doing what he really wants to do, that thing which best expresses himself. On the contrary, statistics show that nine-tenths of the men in all positions are there not because they want to, or because they are particularly fitted, but simply and solely because they are doomed to the drudgery of work. It is true that many tasks in the are doomed to the drudgery of work. It is true that many tasks in the home have been drudgifying, but too, certainly many tasks out of the home, as performed by man, are just as drudgifying. Even standing hour after hour and operating a high-diass machine may be drudgery. And so I feel that this attitude about work which many women, especially married women, have, is especially married women, have, is entirely unfair. I think, frankly, that it is only an excuse to escape from responsibility, and that be-cause they do not like to do some-

cause they do not like to do some-thing, they say it is drudgery and refuse to do it.

What would happen if all the men who hated their jobs refused to do their work? The solution will be to develop more intelligence, so that drudgery in both man's "ork, and woman's work will be eliminated as much as possible. much as possible

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4% ON SAVINGS U.S. SAVINGS BANK 14" & You Streets Wade M. Cooper, Prest

By Michelson Advice THE FLIGHT OF TIME



TE WAS looking at her and dreaming about a dered what She was thinking about.

white finger strayed back and forth over a red lip. Her eyes were wide opened, and speculative. "What are you thinking?" He thought it might almost had it-

be something about housekeeping, and waited.

Jealousy, green-eyed jealousy, made him cold.

"Oh, it's nothing," but her air was still abstracted. There's pop!"

Romance gone, day dreams shattered, he was raise in pay, and a nice little flat, and half once more alive to his surroundings. He neard a a dozen other romantic things. Then he won- shoe drop overhead. He heard muffled footsteps, a large body in bare feet was slowly being propelled She was leaning on her hand, and one pink-and- by those same unshod extremities to the stairway.

> felt that he knew what was passing in her mind. He "Eleven o'clock, daughter-" the voice-their

Suddenly, with the seventh sense of lovers, he

"I can't tell you-nothing." She spoke as one eyes met-Oh, minds; oh, souls united! For the eves said, and the finger cautioned.

"Shhhhh-pretend you're gone-it's time to go.

Learn How to Retire Gracefully

phase of existence.

That is the gist of some very wise and excellent advice which Jane Cowl, tion. So many women have responsi-

It was advice aimed particularly at actresses, but it applies with equal wisdom to all women, for age is no

the stage to meet defeat. sense to retire when the time comes that it is best for me to do so," she said. "I have worked hard to succeed a and I mean to go on working as hard

and I mean to go on working as hard as my mind and strength permit. I am grateful and happy for what has come to me. But I think it will be beautiful if I can retire before the public has the chance to say, er even to think, Jane Cowl is growing old. "It is far better to retire in the heyday of success than to face the inevitable disillusionment and heartache which come to those who hang or too long. There are few Bernhardts in any walk of life. Fadeless youth is the

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youth occupies so majestically, do it on earning money, whether they want with a cheerful heart and a smiling to or not. They are the real heroines. youth occupies so majestically, do it with a cheerful heart and a smiling to or not. They are the real heroines, lieve in looking any situation in the face and have a store of happy men, ories to brighten your life in another phase of existence.

If they can keep up the illusion of face, And there is no concealing the fact that youth with its fresh enthusiasms and its belief in the future, will phase of existence. "No one can judge of another's posi-

called "the most beautiful woman on bilities of which nothing is known. brighter.
"But for them I would wish the phil-

It was advice aimed particularly at actresses, but it applies with equal wisdom to all women, for age is no respecter of professions.

Miss Cowl, now at the zenith of her success, says she will never remain on the stage to meet defeat.

"I am determined to have the good sense to retire when the time comes that it is best for me to do so," she have the first particularly and good inthat it is best for me to do so," she have the good that it is best for me to do so, "she have the good that it is best for me to do so," she have the good that it is best for me to do so, "she have the good that it is best for me to do so," she have the good that it is best for me to do so, "she have few resemblighting and good inthat it is best for me to do so," she have few resemblighting and good inthat it is best for me to do so, "she have few resemblighting and good inthat it is best for me to do so," she have few resemblighting and good inthat it is best for me to do so, "the few resemblighting and good inthat it is best for me to do so," she have few resemblighting and good inthat it is best for me to do so, "the few resemblighting and good inthat it is best for me to do so, "the few resemblighting and good inthat the philips and conthen the sidelines when he showing that she has other work in the do do and that the work she once did to do and that the work she once did can be better done by the younger woman.

"But for them I would wish the philthen to accept the inevitable and content them to accept the inevitable and content them to accept the inevitable and content them to accept the inevitable and content knowing that she has other work in the do do and that the work she once did to do and that the work she once did to do and that the work she once did to do and that the work she once did to do and that the work she once did to do and that the work she once did to do and that the work she once did to do and that the work she once did to do and that the work she once did to do and that the wor

COLDON

in this case.

CONSCIENCE STRICKEN. HE pathos of growing old is rarest thing in the world. It belongs and go on chasing the great will-o'largely a matter of temperaonly to the supreme genius.

"I know some women, on the stage." I wish they might see the lovely largely a matter of temperament. Growing old gracefully is an acquired art.

Enjoy your triumphs while you may, and when, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for you to step down from the throne which and in business who must go on and to step down from the throne which in the course of human and in business who must go on and to step down from the throne which is one earning money, whether they want to see the lovely English home of the actress who had so beautiful a place in the hearts of America. It has trees and gardens and flowers, surrounding a wonderful old house, and there Mary Anderson lives with her children, the happiest and most charming of matrons. pain to find that the man she has chosen does not measure up as he should to the highest standards. And it is rather weak, don't you think, not to know your own mind better? However, you have come to the place where it is a question of choosing the lesser of two

"I am not a pessimist. But I do be-"Nothing is more pathetic than to see

with a smiling face and tranquil man-

of duty and then blame her for it all the rest of her life, which, manlike, is what you would probably do. You may and excellent advice which fair of which nothing is known, a woman of more than mature years hart you would probably do. You may called "the most beautiful woman on bilities of which nothing is known, a woman of more than mature years hart her cruelly in the telling, but making a final desperate stand against the American stage," gave me in a lightly and the constaught of time. How much fine the one who can meet the years is the one who can meet the years are the parently she is bound to be hurt either the one was a superior to the constaught of time.

her care this office.

Miss Laurie will welcome letters of inquiry on subjects of feminine interhave few responsibilities and good in-omes.
"To those I would say: Take the addon't refuse to share his name and his paper and will reply to them in these columns. They should be addressed to

evils. It is certainly much fairer to ell the girl that you no longer care for

her than to marry her out of a sense

By ANNIE LAURIE.

I have been going out with a man for the last year who likes an-other girl not living in the same place. He-has told me all about her, and he writes to her and goes

tractive girl to take out with him.

The only thing for him to do is to

The only thing for him to do is to make up his mind which girl he likes the best-tell the other one the truth—and be done with it.

But that is what that sort of man will rever do.

He'll go on fibbing to you and telling stories to the orner girl, and by and by there'll be a third girl, and then a fourth, and the first thing all four of you know he'll be married to some-fody you never heard of—and she's the one to pity, for that sort of man keeps that sort of thing up as he long as he

Poor "Patient Maidens," and yet, my

dears, I'm afraid that is just what you'll have to remain. If your friends

want to come to see you they'll find the time and the occasion very soon, and, if they don't care to come, it wouldn't be any fun for you to have them. If they want to slip away let them go without any discussion and argument. That is the dignified thing to do and in the end the way most and

do, and in the end the way most apt

Dear I. L.: Write to your friend and

ask him to tell you what is the mat-

troubling him that can be straightened

out; but, on the other hand, he may

head over another girl. If that's the

case, put the young man right out of

your mind, and the best way to do that

is to take another young man or two or three other young men in.

Dear Annie Laurie: I am engaged to a

and so he takes you out and fibs to

you about the other girl.

Dear Annie Laurie:

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To Girls The Tone of Your Voice Seldom Shows Your Vigor

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins)

her, and he writes to her and goes to see her two or three times a year. He is not in love with her. He wants to kiss me, and yet by doing so he thinks he is deceiving her. What should I do about it? Should I allow him to kiss me, or should I give him up altogether? I don't want to do that, but I want to do what is right.

ONE little Anxious. VERYBODY'S voice has a meaning all its own. The high-pitched, raucous voice of the harbinger of spring calling "Strawberries! Strawberries! Strawberries!" canniot be mistaken for the old London OOR little Anxious, I'm afraid this man of yours isn't yours

Ever since Mrs. Isaac put one over on the patriarch at all. And no one else's-but back in the days of Genesis, when the well-nigh sightless his own. He isn't telling you chieftain said! "The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands the truth; can't you see that, you poor are the hands of Esau," the tones from the throat have had a significance more than that of mere recognition.

If he is not in love with the other When a dry, hoarse, metallic voice calls the alert girl and doesn't pretend to be, how physician on the phone, he begins to think of partially can he deceive her by making love to paralyzed vocal chords, a laryngitis, an aneurism, or bulging of the aorta—the largest artery in your melancholy You're pretty, probably, and interanatomy-or, bad 'cess to it, the last stages of tubercu- DR HIRSHBERG esting, and he likes to have a nice, at-



A commoner fallacy does not prevail among the Great American People than the one which considers the otherwise well individual with a hourse voice to have "tuberculosis" or "consumption of the throat."

When this ultra-Grand Marshal of What will cure red nose from poor the Military Chronic Maladies, to wit, blood? (3) What will cure teeth due to "acid," as the dentists say? tuberculosis, infects the woebegone victim, a poor chap is always between a hawk and a buzzard, but nowadays he rarely has such a degree of the infelictous ailment as to cause throat and voice disturbances.

Hoarseness No Symptom.

In fine, there are hundreds of busy doctors who never have seen any one so far gone as to have "tuberculous" as the dentists say?

(1) This redness is a surface scar which fades in eight months or less, just as sunburn does, (2) Milk, eggs and fresh, plain food usually with masses will help this. (3) Milk of magnesia alternated with peroxide should stop this. Receding gums, "pyor, and the like may cause such a condition. That "acid" explanation is no longer, tenable.

doctors who never have so far gone as to have "tuberculous faryngitis," as it is called.

Amazing, perhaps, it is, yet throat consumption occurs only in the most advanced examples of this miserable disorder. A physician has yet to appear who ever saw an early instance of tuberculosis arise with a permanent change of the voice.

Je, it have need not remain under the pall of your suspicions.

You may, to be sure, weep, as the the thermometer under her the thermometer under her the voiceless who who without the scale three times a week.

To become thin, avoid bread, potationally in the present great great

lady with the thermometer under her tongues does, for the voiceless who have known the crown without the cross of glory, but luckily, such tears need not be seriously shed for the still, small voice. 'A few can touch the magic string

And noisy Fame is proud to win them. Alas, for those that never sing, And die with all their music in them." be just plain flickle and have lost his Each Voice Different. The voices of turtle doves, the billing and cooing of the mother to ker as yet

wordless babe, has a richer meaning far than the language that comes later. Even though a lion aggravates his young lady whom at one time I was greatly in love with but recently I have become disinterested. I know that

my love was not true for if it was I would still love her. She still thinks a great deal of me, and I have tried to hide from her my change of feeling. I know I should go to her and tell her that I do not love her but the love that I do not love her, but I do not

like to cause her any pain, for I know she still loves me, and at present I am deceiving her, which is very repugnant to me. Please tell me how I can break the engagement without causing her any pain. She does not live in this city but in a nearby town, and I have been going to see her about once a Answers to Health **Ouestions**

month. Strange though it may seem, there is no other girl concerned in the case, but it is simply a case of disillusion, for I realize now that I never really loved her. I would indeed be parts. hankful for any help you may give me

goitre? My Dear "Conscience Stricken: Don't you see that you are asking the im-possible? It must always give a girl

Subscriber, Pittsburgh—(1) What will Hirshberg, care this office. cure red nose after erysipelas? (2) Copy't. 1914. Newspaper Feature ?

a week.

2. To become thin, avoid bread, potatoes, sweets, milk, oils, fats, soups, and gravies; and eat whey, buttermilk, lemonade, green vegetables, lean meats, and fish. You should dance, row, swim, bicycle, and exercise in other ways.

4. To make complexion clear, expose neck and face to sunlight. Alphazone, chocolate of potash, weak exalic acid (a poison), and peroxide of bartum, a slight caustic. Be cautious in their use.

J. H. M.-Why is egg shampoo a langerous practice?

Eggs shampoo is a dirty, sticky, use-less practice. There is no virtue in flaunting a food in the face of vicious microbes, even if clean. Eggs, once open, are the abiding place of filthy bacteria and moulds.

A. S. R.—Avold use of hot water and soap upon your face. Use the follow-ing:Resorcin, 5 grains; selphur, 1 dram; glycerine, I dram; chocolate of potash, 15 grains; kaolin, 1 ounce. Massage in and rub off vigorously with a Turkish towel. Go to bed early and get more sleep, and the hollows will disappear. Massage with a good oil and cream.

Dr. Hirshberg will answer ques are superfluous hair to grow? (2) What tions for readers of this paper on will shrink face pores? (1 No. (2) Kaolin and glycerine equal medical, hygienic, and sanitation subjects that are of general inter-Readers-What will cure est. He will not undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual Goitres are scarcely ever cured by Scribe of offer davice for maintains anything other than the surgeon's lan- cases. Where the subject is not of general interest letters will be answered personally if a stamped Drink lots of cream, oil, plenty of and addressed envelope is inclosed, buttermilk. Eat plenty of rich foods and vegetables and get plenty of s'eep. Address all inquiries to Dr. L. K. Copy't. 1914, Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.



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